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# The Eastern Throne

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## Chapter 1 by John Henry

The king was murdered,  
Never was anything hidden.  
His son was murdered,  
As had the conqueror bidden.  
The king was slain in formal duel.  
Often were hearty men given,  
The right to rule upon The Eastern Throne.

The warlords' blood-soaked name was Un.  
He murdered every man and son.  
His army murdered everyone,  
Except the women of The Eastern Throne.

An Eastern woman rode into the night,  
To flee the wrath of, hateful tyrant, Un.  
She had a baby boy upon her back,  
Who saw his father die amidst the sack.  
She had a baby boy within her womb,  
Who would be born without his eastern home.  
Little did she know they were to be,  
Men of heroic feats and tragedy,

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